

1889. NOW READY. 1889
THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY
FOR 1889.
THE CHINA DIRECTORY.
(TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ISSUE),
COMPLETE, WITH APPENDIX, PLANS, &c., &c.,
Royal 8vo, p. 1,216...\$5.00.
SMALLER EDITION, Royal 8vo, p. 820...\$3.00.

THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY
has been thoroughly revised and brought up
to date, and again much increased in bulk.
It contains DESCRIPTIVE and STATISTICAL
ACCOUNTS of, and DIRECTORIES for
HONGKONG—JAPAN—
Do. Ladies' Directory Nagasaki.
Do. Post Directory Kyoto (Hyogo).
Do. Military Forces Tokio.
MACAO—
Cochin—
Pahoi.
Hollow.
Whampoa.
Canton.
Swatow.
Amoy.
Tainan.
Takao.
Keling.
Fuchow.
Wenhsien.
Ningpo.
Shanghai.
Chinkiang.
Wuhu.
Kiukiang.
Hankow.
Changting.
Chaofo.
Toku.
Tientsin.
Peking.
Wei Hsi Wei.
Port Arthur.
Newchwang.
Canton.
Chamlip.
Fusan.
Yuanan.
NAVAL SQUADRONS—
British—
United States—
Japanes—
Chinese Northern.
RUSSIAN.
BRITISH—
The LIST OF RESIDENTS now contains
the names of over
FOURTEEN THOUSAND AND SIX HUNDRED
FOREIGNERS

arranged under one Alphabet in the strictest
order, the initials as well as the surnames
being given.

The MAPS and PLANS have been mostly
re-drawn in a superior style, and brought up
to date. They not consist of

FLAG OF MERCANTILE HOUSES IN CHINA.
CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT VICTORIA PEAK.
MAP OF THE FAR EAST.
MAP OF THE ISLAND OF HONGKONG.
PLAN OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA.
PLAN OF KOWLOON.
PLAN OF KOWLOON DISTRICT, VICTORIA.
PLAN OF FOREIGN CONCESSIONS, SHANGHAI.
PLAN OF YOKOHAMA.
PLAN OF MANILA.
PLAN OF SAIGON.

PLAN OF TOWN AND ENVIRONS OF SINGAPORE.
PLAN OF GEORGE TOWN, PENANG.

Among the other contents of the book are—
An Anglo-Chinese Calendar, Mean of Barometric
and Thermometric Rainfall.

A full Catalogue of important events since
the advent of foreigners to China and Japan.

A description of Chinese Festivals, Fasts, &c.,
with the days on which they fall.

Comparative Tables of Money, Weights, &c.
Scales of Hongkong Sums Duties.

The Hongkong Postal Guide for 1888.

Scales of Commissions and Charges adopted by
the Chambers of Commerce of Hongkong,
Shanghai, Amoy and Newchwang.

Hongkong, Tainan, Jurong, and Boat Hire.

The APPOINTMENT Committee.

APPENDIX—PAGES

of closely printed matter to which reference is

constantly required by residents and those

having commercial or political relations with the

Counties embraced within the scope of the

CHRONICLE and DIRECTORY.

The Contents are too numerous to particularize in an Advertisement, but include—

TREATIES WITH CHINA—

Great Britain Nanking, 1842

United States, 1844

China, 1854, 1856, 1857

Rules of the Imperial German, 1858, 1860

Treaties, 1861, 1863, and 1868.

United States, 1861, and 1868.

Great Britain, 1861, and 1868.

Treaties, 1861, 1863, and 1868.

United States, 1861, and 1868.

Great Britain, 1861, and 1868.

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THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS.

BY S. BARING-GOULD,
AUTHOR OF
"MIRALAH," "COUNT ROYAL," "JOHN
HERKING," "THE GAY BIRDS," &c.

[Now First Published.]

CHAPTER XXIX.
RECOGNITION.

In one of his essays, Goldsmith relates of a printed who set up a picture in the market-place, with a pot of black paint and a brush beside it, and the inscription, "Please paint me."

When this evening he revisited his picture, he found it unprinted, as everyone had discovered and marked out a blemish. Next day he set up a replica of the picture, with paint and brush before it, and the inscription, "Please indicate beauties."

By evening, the entire canvas was covered with black. Everyone had found a blemish, where previously everyone had detected a fault.

The modern Goldsmith has turned into the great forum, and without inviting, expects criticism. The painter's ink is always available whenever he dares to draw attention to his defects. In Goldsmith's apology the critics found beauties, in the present they see only blemishes; which they dab at venomously, and the sorrowful author sits at evening over his despaired and besmirched prediction, bawled, and ashamed to find that his earnest work, that had called out his most generous feelings, over which he has gazed and gazed himself, is a mass of blunders, a tissue of faults.

Now, one of the silent defects in the work of the author of this story, according to his reviewer, is that he makes his personages talk more smirchly than they would naturally. But, he adds, would it be tolerable to the reader, would it be to the printer—to force upon them the literal transcript of the ordinary conversation that passes between us?—that he had a cold, and when we had a cold, a physician served to us on Wednesday which we called milestone padding, not because it was hard, but because it was a plum-pudding with a mile between the plums? Is there not a good mile between our bon mots? Is it legitimate art, is it kind, to make the reader pursue a conversation through several pages of talk void of thought, studded with matter of everyday interest? Is it not more artistic, and more interesting, to steam down to an instant, and then, well—add a grain of salt and a pinch of spice?

The reader shall be the judge. We will take the morning dialogue between Mrs. Sidbottom and Salome at breakfast.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sidbottom."

"I wish you good morning, Salome."

Author: Cannot that be taken for granted? May it not be struck out with advantage?

"I hope you still are well, Salome."

"Only so."

"Not much better, I think you."

"And darling baby?"

"About the same. We have indeed a sick house."

"Tea, please?"

"Sugar?"

"How many lumps?"

"Two will suffice."

"I hope you will find some grilled rabbit. Would you prefer buttered eggs?"

"Thank you, rabbit," said Mrs. Sidbottom.

"I will help myself."

"I hope your room was comfortable. You must excuse us, we are all much upset in the house, servants as well as the rest. We have had a good deal to upset us of late, and when we are upset it upsets the servants too."

Author: Now, there! Because we have failed to get what we wanted, what we wanted at breakfast, our houses have indeed herself as tantological. There were positively four upsets in that one little sentence. And we are convinced that if the reader had to express the same sentiment he or she would not be nice as to the literary form in which the sentence was couched, would not cast it thus—"We have been much upset; we have had much of late to disturb our equilibrium, and when we are thrown out of our balance, we are apt to be affected."

"That would be better, probably, in the reader would not speak thus, and Salome did not."

The author must be allowed to exercise his judgment and give only as much of the conversation as is necessary, and not be obliged to record the grammatical slips, the clumsy constructions, the tedious repetitions that disfigure our ordinary conversation.

The English language is so simple in structure that it invites the practitioner of it; it allows us to speak forth a field of words without having first thought out what we intended to say. The sentences, tumble higgly-piggly from our lips like children from an infant nursery—some unclad, one short of a shoe, and another over-hatted. Do we get the Parliamentary debates as they were conducted? Where are all the "hems" and "haws," the "I mean" and "you know?" What has become of prints of the vain repetitions, and the unmeaning sentences? Is it that part, indeed, that the novelist is armed with the reporter's powers, and exercising the same discretion passes the words of his creation through the same mill. Using, therefore, the privilege of a reporter, we will once more enter the gallery and take down the conversation that ensued at the breakfast table between Mrs. Sidbottom and Salome.

"My dear Mrs. P.," said Mrs. Sidbottom, "I do not feel obliged to call up the doctor at the night."

"No," answered Salome, raising her eyebrows.

"But what is the matter with your mother?"

"She has long suffered from heart complaint, and recently she has had much trouble her. She has had a great shock and is really very unwell, and is dear baby also; and between both—and—other matters. I hardly know what I am about."

"So you are," said Mrs. Sidbottom; "you have upset the cream."

Salome had a worn and scared look. Her face had lost every particle of colour the day before. It remained pale now. She looked as if she had not slept. Her eyes were sunken and red.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sidbottom, "never give in. If I had given in to all the trials that have burst me I should have been worn to nothing."

It was the first real trial of it; it allowed us to speak forth a field of words without having first thought out what we intended to say. The sentences, tumble higgly-piggly from our lips like children from an infant nursery—some unclad, one short of a shoe, and another over-hatted. Do we get the Parliamentary debates as they were conducted? Where are all the "hems" and "haws," the "I mean" and "you know?" What has become of prints of the vain repetitions, and the unmeaning sentences? Is it that part, indeed, that the novelist is armed with the reporter's powers, and exercising the same discretion passes the words of his creation through the same mill. Using, therefore, the privilege of a reporter, we will once more enter the gallery and take down the conversation that ensued at the breakfast table between Mrs. Sidbottom and Salome.

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